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L E T T E R
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Now in G E R M A N Y.

S I R,

I THANK you, most sincerely, for your packet of political pamphlets : I was always a dabler in these matters, and you may easily suppose they were particularly acceptable to me at this time. The want of books, is indeed a terrible affair ; but it is all for the good of our country, you know, and that is sufficient.

I have read the *Considerations* with great attention, and am not at all surprised at their having made so much noise in England, nor that this pamphlet has had the power to make the weather cock point diametrically opposite to its former position. The political

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cal principles of most Englishmen are entirely under the influence of pamphlets and news papers ; they are either too indolent, or too stupid to reason for themselves. As to my opinion of this grand, and really important affair, I will write it down occasionally as the duty may allow, and will transmit it by my own lieutenant, who has got leave to return to England, as soon as we have any prospect of being peaceably settled in our winter quarters : but your other request, I think, cannot safely be complied with. To reason on the conduct of our superiors, is often unjustifiable, and always imprudent : not that I have the least doubt of your secrecy or friendship, but letters are exposed to many accidents. However, it is not impossible but I may blab a little before I have done ; but for Heaven's sake, let me beg of you to burn the scroll the moment you have read it.

It is my opinion, that these Considerations were not wanting to convince the shrewd part of my fellow country-men, that our present connections here on the continent, are attended with very awkward circumstances.

Nothing

Nothing can be more true, than that this army is supported at a most intolerable expence to England ; an expence, which we cannot possibly continue much longer, without certain ruin ; yet, however intolerable it is, if, upon enquiry, it should appear to be unavoidable, it would be extremely unjust to censure the ministry.

Let me reflect a little.—France, not satisfied with her possessions in America, thought proper to encroach upon her neighbour, at a time when they were supposed to be friends. If a private man had acted in this manner, we should have been apt to think him a scoundrel ; but, as it was the act of a nation, it was nothing more than a stroke of politics. Be that as it may, we not chusing to relinquish our lands, for no other reason, than because they happened to lie convenient for our natural enemy, fell to taking of their ships, because they would give us no other satisfaction : declarations of war succeeded, and so we went to loggerheads in earnest. This I think is a true history of the cause of the present war between France and England. We will now take a retro-

spective view of what gave rise to the quarrel between our former faithful female ally, and our present great hero.

It is well known, that she ceded the possession of Silesia to him, solely against her will, and with a determined resolution to have it back again as soon as ever it should be in her power. With this view she endeavoured to bring her finances into proper condition, and to improve the discipline of her troops. She then, by flattering promises, persuaded the poor K. of Poland to engage in her project, of totally crushing his mighty neighbour, to which he the more easily consented, because of an old grudge, and because he was in continual apprehensions for his hereditary dominions. But the sagacious victim of their resentment happened to discover the plot, before it was quite ripe for execution, and so took care to be beforehand with them.

Hence it appears that the war between France and England, and that between Prussia and Austria, were originally entirely independent of each other. I believe it
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were sincerely to be wished that they had continued so. Though I am a soldier of fortune, and have no reason to expect preferment but from action, I cannot help being of opinion that our alliance with this great man was a very unfortunate one, and that we should have brought the French to terms much sooner if we had continued unconnected. As to supposing that if we had not supported the K. of P. he would have been crushed by the united power of France and Austria, it is extremely absurd: for nothing can be more certain than that France would not have assisted Austria to destroy Prussia, for this plain reason, because it is absolutely contrary to her interest. Notwithstanding their present alliance, the houses of Bourbon and Austria are rivals, and must remain so, unless the dominion of Europe should be very differently distributed: I am therefore firmly of opinion that our present alliance with the K. of P. has proved no less destructive to him than to us. If we had kept both our money and our troops upon our own island, nothing can be more certain than that the war would have been long since at an end: for, I repeat

peat it, the French would never have suffered the house of Austria to become too powerful in Germany, and on that consideration would infallibly have supported the K. of P. Now experience has plainly shewn that we are infinitely superior to France as a maritime power, and therefore she could not have persisted in a war that must every day have involved her in greater difficulties. What then could be our inducement, not only to make alliances on the continent, but to become principals, subsisting these mighty princes and all their mighty men? Perhaps it may not be in my power to answer this question entirely to your satisfaction; but I may probably be able to present you with a clue that may lead you towards the true source of our present measures.

Our good old K—, you know, had a very great, and very natural affection for his native H——. The French knew it to be the apple of his eye, and they knew mankind too well to doubt the complaisance of a servant towards his master's mistress, whatever might be the private opinion

nion of that servant: therefore it was easy for them to foresee that if H. was attacked, it would certainly be defended. There was indeed, at that time, a very powerful advocate for a contrary system; but they well remembered, that opposition and patriotism in England, meant nothing more than a desire to be employed: they knew, that, with whatsoever intentions, system or resolution, a subject might take the reins into his hands, which road soever he might intend to drive, that there was a string round his arm, and that his course would finally be determined by the man in the chariot. A British monarch has the uncontrolled disposal of places, honours, preferments, &c. and therefore he runs no risk of being much offended or long opposed; I mean as to the mode and manner of carrying national resolutions into execution.

Now there is no doubt but the French are naturally and constitutionally stronger than we upon the land, and that it is therefore their interest, whenever we quarrel, to endeavour to engage us in a land war; but if this be true, it is certainly our interest to
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avoid it. That we were drawn into this wrong measure by our desire to defend the Electorate, is beyond dispute; but that the ministry ever intended to squander in its defence, ten times more than it is worth, cannot be imagined. In common life, what can be more usual, than to see men gradually led to the perpetration of crimes or follies, into which nothing but that imperceptible gradation could have possibly deceived them. Now, Sir, ministers are but men, whatever you may think. They are influenced by the same hopes, actuated by the same fallible reason, and liable to the same deceptions. Whilst the late K. was living, it was thought necessary to oblige him, and protect his Electorate; but then it was to be done with all possible frugality, and without sending any considerable number of British troops to the continent: this certainly was the plan in the beginning. After the French had been in possession of Hanover about a year, you remember how shamefully they were drove out by a handful of Germans; and in consequence of this success, how natural was it for these Germans to suppose that with a very little more

more assistance from England, they would be able to drive the French to Paris, if not farther. A few regiments were accordingly granted, and landed on the continent under the command of lord G. S.

In the last dying speech and confession of a Tyburn hero, it is no uncommon thing for the philosophic author most judiciously to observe, that if his good friend the Devil had not stood at his elbow when he first shook the dice and turned them to his advantage in order to draw him in ; if he had been so happy as to miscarry in his first unlawful attempt, in all probability it would have discouraged him from proceeding in the wicked courses which brought him to so shameful an end. You are not however to suppose that I intend to insinuate my expectation of a similar catastrophe: all I mean to hint by this reflection is, that our pushing the German war with so much vigour is principally owing to the fatal battle of Minden: *fatal* to the British commander, *fatal* to the French general, *fatal* to poor Germany, and, I think *fatal* to England. If we had been defeated, as infalli-

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bly we must have been, if fortune and M. Broglie had not conspired to give us the victory, Hanover would immediately have been recovered by the French, and in all human probability, we should never have attempted to dispossess them. Whatever you may have been taught to think of the battle of Minden, and to what cause soever it might be owing, nothing can be more certain than that we were actually surprised: a considerable part of the army were asleep in their tents when the battle began. As to lord G. cowardice was not the cause of his inaction: I am afraid it proceeded from a worse motive. M. Broglie now commands the French army because Contades was defeated: and if, on the contrary, we had been defeated, there is a moral certainty that lord G. S. would have been our present commander in chief, if the war had continued so long, which indeed I think an improbable supposition. All our German fellow soldiers allow that the victory was entirely owing to the amazing intrepidity of a poor handful of Britons: brave Britons! But what avails your bravery, if your victories are a disservice to your country?

Faith,

Faith, my friend, this is but a comfortless sort of a reflection, after all our hardships, fatigues and dangers. But we are soldiers and not ministers of state, and so good night. I will continue my scribble in the morning if we do not march.

I am this moment returned from a foraging party, which is indeed the most disagreeable of all duties. Do you know what I mean by a foraging party? I will inform you. You are not ignorant however that in summer, before the harvest is over, it means the act of reaping where we did not sow, for the use of our cavalry of all kinds; but in winter our manner of foraging is to enter a village without ceremony, and, regardless of the supplications, tears, and intreaties of men women and children, to rob the poor peasant of all his store of corn, hay, pease, beans, &c. which were his sole dependence, and the scanty remains of an unprofitable harvest. This is the manner in which we treat our friends, the poor Germans, for whose preservation we are here assembled. Indeed they are pretty well convinced by this time, that they have rea-

son to curse rather than pray for us. Upon my soul, they are vastly to be pitied ! and the more so, because, so long as we persist in our ridiculous defence of Hanover, there will be no end of their sufferings. I am not singular in my opinion of this matter ; it is that of most of our intelligent people. We may fight, and beat the French as often as the most sanguine Englishman may desire, yet nothing can be more self-evident than that we shall reap no advantage from beating them in Germany. Their avowed superiority as to number of troops, and their easy method of recruiting, will annually renew our difficulties.

That Hanover has all the reason in the world to wish we had not taken upon us to defend it, is beyond all contradiction. Notwithstanding all the horrid tales you may have heard of fire and sword, rapes and massacres, I can assure you that in general the inhabitants were used with great humanity by the French army, and that we ourselves have done them infinitely more mischief ; and as to France making a conquest of this paltry Electorate with a design to keep it,
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it is the most idle supposition that ever entered the brain of an Englishman. In short, my friend, I fear we have been inadvertently led into this German war, by those German warriors who have a great veneration for English gold, and who have little or nothing to lose, let things go as they will. As to the landgrave of H—, he would sacrifice every subject in his dominions for a present advantage. He is contented with the subsidy which he receives from England, and is very indifferent about the issue, being certain that he will, at last, be left in the quiet possession of his dominions. The D. of Brunswick is a considerable gainer by the war. His son, the hereditary prince, is indeed a very amiable young fellow, and I think, would not be sorry to see an end to his inexpressible fatigues.

You ask my opinion of prince F? In answer to which I shall give you a few remarks on our last campaign, from the minutes which I have occasionally taken of our proceedings; but I must beg leave first to remind you, that these remarks are intended

tended only for your own private perusal. Prince F. has undoubtedly great abilities as a general; and if I should, now and then, take upon me to wonder at his proceedings, I would not have you forget, that all I say is nothing more than the reasonings of an insignificant officer, on the conduct of an experienced commander; which reasonings are the less to be depended on, as I must naturally be supposed to be entirely ignorant of his orders and intelligence, and can therefore judge only from appearance.

At the opening of the campaign we continued a considerable time inactive in our camp at Fritzlar, till having received intelligence that the French had taken the field; we struck our tents, and advanced to meet them. The hereditary prince, and general Imhoff, were advanced some leagues in our front, each with the command of a separate corps, and both watching the motions of the enemy. Imhoff was intrusted with the defence of a very important post, which however he was obliged to abandon before the grand army could possibly support him; and

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I am much mistaken, if both he and the H. prince would not have been very roughly handled, had it not been for the lucky appearance of six English regiments which marched from the camp at Fritzlar the night before, by a different rout, and by that means deceived the enemy as to the march of our army. As the case now was, since we had lost so much ground, and a very advantageous camp by Imhoff's retreat, we were forced to make the best of it; and after having brought off the two advanced corps, to fall back to Ziegenheim. Thus, by not supporting the last mentioned general in time, we lost a very considerable tract of country, and every advantage of having taken the field before the enemy. This was indeed an affair of infinite importance to an army, which, it is very evident, was intended only to act defensively: however, poor Imhoff bore the blame, and his disgrace was the consequence.

Our camp at Ziegenheim was a very strong one, so that it was impossible for us to be attacked, but with great disadvantage
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to the enemy, who were now encamped within three or four miles of us. M. de Broglie, therefore, left part of his tents standing, and by that stratagem, marched off several hours before us. We moved also in the evening, but so slowly, that we suffered him to join M. de St. Germain, and to get possession of the heights near Corbach in spite of the hereditary P. who, notwithstanding the reinforcement of several battalions and squadrons, lost fifteen pieces of cannon, and was obliged to retire in great confusion. The reinforcement arrived too late to be of any service. Thus we were out-general'd a second time, and obliged to fix our head-quarters at Saxenhausen instead of Corbach.

Here again, by throwing up several batteries, we made our camp so strong, that we were suffered to continue three weeks without much molestation. At length, however, the enemy seemed determined to attack us, and marched towards us, in several columns; but we gave them the slip, by moving off in the night, continuing
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our retreat till we came to the neighbourhood of Cassel: that city, however, we abandoned to the enemy; and to prevent their getting into Hanover before us, fell upon M. de Muy and defeated him; but in the mean time prince Xavier pushed his way through Munden to Gottingen. Thus did we suffer ourselves to be driven from pillar to post, till we had lost the whole country of Hesse and a part of Hanover; and thus have we finished a tedious, and indeed a bloody campaign, greatly to our disadvantage, without having made one single effort of importance. You know our present situation, and you remember our winter-quarters of last year: by comparing one with the other, the neat produce of our labours will evidently appear.

During the preceding campaign, our army was much inferior, in numbers, to that of the enemy; and therefore all our defensive manœuvres and retrogradations were thought to be the effects of prudence and consummate generalship. But at the opening of the present campaign, our ima-

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gination presented us with a very different prospect. We talked of nothing but the gates of Paris, or at least the gates of Strasbourg. Our constant intimations from England, before we took the field, were, that the ministry had determined to push the German war, for one year more, with the utmost vigour ; that the nation was thoroughly persuaded of their integrity and political abilities, and that we might expect such a reinforcement as would enable us to attack the French wheresoever we should find them, and to drive them, in one campaign, entirely out of Germany.

It is impossible for me to express the universal joy inspired by this pleasing expectation. Though it was difficult to forget the hardships of the preceding year, I do assure you that we expected the troops from England with great impatience, and wished for nothing more ardently than a general order to take the field. I remember perfectly well, when our army was entirely assembled, I rode along the line with several of our distinguished officers, whose general opinion it
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was, that it was the finest army in the world; that prince F. now commanded a number of troops equal to his wish, and that we were able to oppose any army that could possibly be sent against us. Notwithstanding our being, in some degree, surpris'd at the battle of Minden, every one entertained a high opinion of prince F.'s abilities, and nobody doubted of our success. How our expectations have been answered is, alas ! but too evident.

The greatest generals of antiquity were never fond of very numerous armies, and indeed the greatest actions have been performed by moderate ones. Cæsar was always inferior to his enemy in point of numbers, and, if I am not mistaken, for I speak only from memory, marshal Saxe was of opinion, that forty thousand men were equal to any force whatever. If our army had been commanded by the immortal Eugene, do you think he would have suffered himself to have been driven in this manner ? I am morally certain he would not ; I am convinced he would have found many opportunities of attacking the French during the progress of

this campaign, and I am as certain he would have been successful.

I should be sorrow to insinuate, or even to think any thing unjustly prejudicial to the character of any man; but really the abilities required in the commander of an army are so extraordinary, that they are very rarely to be met with: besides self-interest is so generally implanted in human nature, that it can hardly be thought unjust to suspect its influence in any man living. Prince F. is a younger brother of no very considerable house, and without the least inheritance. He is a general officer in the service of his Prussian majesty, an employment which is by no means adequate to the support of his princely dignity. But, by our connections with the continent, he is raised to the command of a large army, and the despotic sway of the whole country under its influence. That this is not only a very honourable, but a very lucrative employment, is beyond dispute. As soon as the war is at an end, he must return to his former obscurity. Is it not therefore his interest to protract the war? It certainly is. Not that I would affirm, that these

these considerations have had any influence on his past conduct : all I would insinuate is, that these matters are not unworthy the recollection of a British ministry, in their future deliberations on the necessity of continuing the German war.

That it is also M. Broglio's interest to prolong the war, is as incontrovertable, as well as that of many of his inferiors in the French army. Now, though the making of peace or war be not entirely in the power of either of these commanders, yet it is but reasonable to suppose, that the councils at home are not a little influenced by the reports and opinions of the generals abroad ; at least, we know it to have been so frequently the case in former times, that nations have often been sacrificed to the avarice and ambition of the commander of an army.

Nothing can be more apparent than that by continuing the war, both England and France must immerge themselves in very great difficulties ; and would it not be shameful that they should be inadvertently persuaded to their ruin by their own servants ?

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Probably it may be said, that if they both sink, neither of them will have any thing to fear from the other : but can they be so infatuated as not to remember, that they have very respectable neighbours, who, whilst they are weakening themselves, are daily gathering strength. But I must not forget your other question.

You ask me what I think of the M. of G. My opinion of him is, that he has the best heart in the world. He is indeed a most amiable man, extremely humane and condescending, brave and generous ; but I cannot help saying, that he is too good-natured and unsuspecting for his present employment. He is a dupe not only to those German commanders, but to his friends, if I may call them such, in England, who recommend people that are unworthy his protection. By this means his attendants are not generally men of abilities; and as they are the only conspicuous folks, the Germans are made to conceive but a very indifferent opinion of our national character; and thus they are naturally led to imagine themselves of too much importance. It hurts one to observe

our British commander so lightly esteemed, in his military capacity, as never to be consulted. There is something extremely mortifying in the thought, that our own national chief is always as ignorant of what we are about, as the orderly sergeant who attends him. Prince F. you know, studied the art of war under a professor, whose notions of despotism in all things, civil and military, are as unbounded as those of an eastern, or any other monarch, that ever existed. Now though it be necessary that the commander of an army should have absolute power, yet considering who subsists this army, one might reasonably expect a little more complaisance towards our head: I mean in military matters; for as to mere compliment, both his lordship and all his retinue have enough of it. You may easily judge of the politeness of these German princes, by the chain of fulsome flattery contained in our public orders: in short, they are too *civil* to be *military*, and too *military* to be *civil*.

I find the author of the Considerations is generally attacked on account of his having treated the K. of P. with so little ceremony.

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I am not at all surpris'd, that the people of England should be offended to see their great protestant hero painted in colours so different from those in which they had hitherto appeared ; but there is really something so absurd and ridiculous in supposing, that the support of the protestant religion could have the least influence on a man of no religion at all, that I do not wonder the author should give liberty to his pen in writing on that subject. As a king, he is undoubtedly great ; but as a man, I cannot help saying, I think him amazingly little. Certainly he has a good head : but his heart, I fear, deserves another epithet. I have lately conversed with several people who cannot but be well acquainted with his character, and I am sorry to say, they unanimously speak very sparingly of his virtues. I readily grant, that there is great deference and respect due from an author to a king ; but when a king becomes an author, he not only gives the world an undoubted right to judge of his works, but also to draw such a character of him, as may reasonably be gathered from his writings. Now those who have read the K. of P.'s epistles must know, that he has philosophis'd himself into a disbelief

belief of every thing sacred, even the existence of his own soul. Hence there can be no impropriety in saying, that our *protestant* hero has no religion, I had almost said no virtue; for, notwithstanding all his parade of virtuous sentiments, I can form no idea of the virtue of a man who believes that his body and soul will perish together in the grave: nor can there be any absurdity in supposing that such a *protestant* will desert us, and all mankind, the moment it shall be his interest so to do. Besides, with what face can the pious christians of England pray to heaven for success to the arms of a professed infidel? If they believe in their own religion and suppose that the Almighty will grant their requests, because they are christians and protestants, they must certainly, for the same reason, believe that he will rather favour the Empress queen, who, if she be no protestant, is at least a christian, and believes she has a soul. But if we have no hope in the effect of our prayers, and annual fasts, why then we are certainly not only a very foolish, but a very wicked people; for in that case, our supplications are

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mockery

mockery to the Supreme Being, and we deserve to be punished for our insolence.

Ay, says my friend, this may be all very true ; but suppose you were to convince me that our alliance is an unfortunate one, and that we are carrying on the war upon a wrong plan, what better should we be for being made sensible of our mistake ; how are we benefitted in being shewn that we are in a labyrinth, unless you can shew us the way out of it ? To which I answer, that a thorough conviction that we are in an error, is a considerable step towards amendment ; but that there are no hopes so long as we continue obstinately to persuade ourselves that we are in a right path. Suppose his majesty of Great Britain and his parliament were perfectly convinced that we must either give up the K. of P. or by pursuing a destructive plan entirely ruin ourselves ; suppose I say that we were reduced to this alternative, how ought we in that case to determine ? Need I give the answer ? But suppose it should appear that we might continue our annual tribute of six hundred and seventy

seventy thousand pounds to this great ally, and yet, by giving up Hanover, save half of our yearly expence; if this can be done, and certainly it may, what should hinder its being done immediately? But then, you'll say, the French would have nothing to do but to march their army to the assistance of the Empress Queen, and so crush the K. of P. to atoms. This, I tell you again, is an idle supposition: the French are not such fools. So far are they from wishing to destroy him, that if they were not otherwise employed, they would long since have obliged her to make peace with him. So strongly am I persuaded of this, that I am positive if at this instant we had resolution enough to disclaim all connections with the continent, a peace between the K. of P. and the Q. of Hungary would be the immediate consequence. France assists the Queen for no other reason than to prevent him from assisting us, and we assist the K. of P. to prevent her from assisting France; therefore they will neither of them make peace until either the coffers of France or England are exhausted.

Hanover, though a poor, is a very extensive country, and therefore if it were possessed by the French, would take a very considerable army to secure it; which would employ a part of their army, whilst ours would be at liberty to act on board our fleet in any manner that should be thought best, and at the same time secure us from the apprehensions of an invasion. The troops of Hesse and Brunswick might be sent to their respective homes, and the Hanoverians employed in Prussian garrisons, ready to take possession of their own country, in case the French should neglect to secure it by a sufficient number of troops. Thus would our connections with Hanover, instead of being a burthen to us, become advantageous.

The salutary consequences of such a change of system are so obvious, that I am amazed they do not strike every unprejudiced mind with conviction; but how few people are there in the world who have resolution enough to confess themselves in an error! This, my friend, I fear, is the rock on which we have split. But there is yet another circumstance

stance which might induce us to give up Hanover to the French rather than defend it ; and that is, its being so fatal to the troops in winter quarters. Whether it be owing to the climate, the soil, the provisions, or whatsoever may be the cause, nothing can be more certain than that the French buried more men during their winter quarters in Hanover, than they have lost in any one campaign since the war began. This country has also proved very destructive to our own people, which is but too evident from the amazing number of draughts we have, from time to time, received from England. Probably it may, in a great measure, be owing to the unwholesome method of heating their rooms, which by a quantity of turf crammed into a stove or oven, are generally kept excessively hot, at the same time that the air without doors is most intensely cold. Now the sudden transition from one to the other, several times a day, must destroy every constitution that has not been enured to it from infancy. Besides, as there is no chimney in the room, the circulation of air is very slow, and as the whole family, peasants,

fants, children, servants, soldiers and wives, are all crowded into one little dirty hole, it must necessarily be extremely unwholesome. The moment you open the door, the smell is so inconceivably offensive, that as often as I visit the quarters, it is not in my power to enter the room.

So that, upon the whole, the wisest thing we could do, would be to save our own people by transporting them back to England, and leaving our enemies to rot in this rotten country. For, as to our romantic project of defending a vast desert at an enormous expence, it is absurd, extravagant and apparently impossible. This is the very kind of war in which the French wish to engage us, and therefore, from a known military maxim, it is that which we ought to avoid. They maintain their army at a much less expence than we maintain ours. It costs them little more than it would do if it were in France. They have now no expensive fleet. In short, they never, since they were a nation, carried on a war upon a more frugal plan, and I am much afraid that we, on
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the contrary, never hit upon so expensive a one. What reason therefore can there be to suppose that we can hold out longer than they? For that seems to be the only contest: the two nations are playing a game at brag; he whose purse is first exhausted must give out. As to the fighting part of the affair, it is evidently a mere farce. Whether we drive the French five miles east, or they drive us as many west, is of no more consequence towards ending the dispute, than the colour of our cloaths. A battle gained, or a battle lost, is of no more importance to England than one of Shakespear's battles upon the Drury-Lane Theatre, unless it proves a means of spinning out the war beyond our power to support it, and then indeed, whether lost or won, it is a real misfortune.

I am the less afraid of expressing myself with sincerity upon this subject, because you are very certain I am not influenced by any private consideration. I am fond of an active life, and am blest with so good a constitution that no hardships affect me. You also know, that if I regard my fortune, I
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have all the reason in the world to wish a continuance of the war. But though I am a soldier, I have not ceased to be a Briton. I cannot bear to think that we have so foolishly fallen into the snare of our enemy, that we should expend our very vitals in support of a K. from whose success we can reap no advantage, whose total annihilation would not in the least affect us, who is the natural ally of France, and who has always treated our nation and our sovereign with the most insolent contempt. Yet more: I confess, it galls me to the soul, when I reflect that this gallant and powerful army should be led to look our enemy in the face only with a design to let him triumph in our retreat, for we have done nothing but retreat during this whole campaign. If every officer in the army was an Alexander, a continued succession of mortifying events, and tedious unprofitable campaigns, would naturally sink their spirits. Does any citizen of London imagine that our paltry pay is an equivalent for the hardships we have suffered? Is there an alderman of them all, who would lie one rainy night upon the ground

ground without any canopy but that of the angry heavens, for all the pay I have ever received? Yet how many of these comfortable nights have we all passed since we came to this wretched country! But these are trifling considerations: we are not to be told that these hardships are the natural attendants on a military life; we know they are, and have always chearfully submitted to them: yet what Englishman, who has the least drop of English blood in his veins, can help repining to find ourselves used like mercenaries, in being sent hither to fight for——what? Upon my honour I cannot tell, as long as I have been fighting, or rather running away, or rather both; for the whole campaign has been one continued running fight. In one respect, I am sure, we bear a strong resemblance to mercenaries, for our hearts are not at all interested in the success of our arms; and how is it possible they should, when we have no conquest in view, nor territory to defend, but that which every Englishman ought to wish in any body's possession rather than ours. Not that any natural cause ~~can~~ rationally be

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assigned why Hanover being attached to the crown of Great Britain should be detrimental to the latter ; but if we are such wretched politicians as to chuse to make it so, the effect will be the same, whether it proceeds from a natural or artificial cause, whether from an inseparable chain of political circumstances, or from our own stupidity.

We may as well confess the truth : *John* is but a poor politician in matters that are not immediately relative to his own island, trade and government. He is too sincere, and too credulous. Tell him but a dismal story of a cock and a bull, as how Lewis intends to conquer all the world, and all the moon ; and forth marches John, with all his mighty men of valour, drubs poor Lewis for ten years together, and then shakes hands with him, scorning to take any advantage of a man in distress. Or if you happen to tell him of a poor queen, without a rag to her ———, a knight-errant beset with enemies, a religion in danger, or poor virgins to be ravished, John makes no more ado, but, touched with the distresses of his fellow
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creatures, he mounts his generous steed, draws his sword, and fights like a devil, right or wrong: but if any one should pull him by the sleeve, and say, *Why, honest John, you have mistaken the matter, that distressed damsel is an ungrateful brim; she intends to cut your throat — Does she, by G——d?* says John; then instantly turns his horse about, and falls pell mell upon the poor woman.

Now, though John is no conjurer in these foreign politics, he is allowed, by every body, to be a man of strict honesty, and so scrupulously honourable, that he would sooner spend every farthing he has in the world than desert his friend. This resolution certainly proceeds from a noble principle; but here again he betrays his want of judgment. If he was a single man, nothing could be more laudable than to risk his life, and sacrifice his whole fortune for the sake of his dear friend; but unhappily John does not consider, that in his ruin are involved a poor wife, and a number of small children, who the moment he be-

comes a bankrupt, will be reduced to ask bread of his neighbours; and, if he was better acquainted with mankind, he would foresee that the very friends, for whose sake he was ruined, will rejoice in his misfortunes.

But poor John is no less overseen in the choice of his servants. It happened not long ago, in the beginning of a quarrel with one of his neighbours, his affairs going badly, that he grew very low-spirited. As was natural in such a case, he applied to his relations for advice. They humm'd and ha'd a considerable time, but none of them said any thing to the purpose; at last his uncle Timothy rose up, and with great elocution, and good sense, told him, that his dejection was not at all to be wondered at, for his case was indeed so deplorable, that he was in great doubt whether it was possible to save him from perdition, and that it was all owing to his expensive method of maintaining his quarrel with his neighbour Francis; "for," continued Timothy, your stewards have deceived you, in making you believe that your
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fortune, great as it is, cannot be exhausted; it certainly can, and certainly will, in a very short time, if you do not conduct your affairs in a different manner: you ought by all means to keep your mighty men at home for the defence of your own estate, and not drain your coffers, by sending them to fight for you don't know whom, nor what. Leave the rest of the world to decide their own quarrels; mind only your own business, and all may yet be well."

Poor John went home in great perplexity, for he had a good opinion of his old steward, and was very unwilling to discard him; but the whole family were so charmed with their uncle Timothy's wisdom, and his new system of politics, that they did not let John have a moment's rest till he consented to give the sole management of his affairs to his uncle Timothy, who now became, as one may say, his prime minister. But whether it was owing to the irresistible fate of poor John, or to whatever cause it may be ascribed, his uncle Timothy not only pursued the old plan, but carried it infinitely farther than any of
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his predecessors : so that John's circumstances are at present worse than ever.

If you should ask how the rest of the family were satisfied with a conduct, in uncle Timothy, so opposite to the tenor of his speech, I must tell you, that in their hearts they were extremely dissatisfied ; but that they were ashamed openly to disapprove the conduct of a man, whom they had declared their guardian angel, and so lately extolled beyond all comparison. To say the truth, uncle Timothy was a very sensible man, and had many virtues : he had a great affection for his master, paid but little regard to pomp and grandeur, and had a very laudable contempt for wealth. But the greatest men of all ages have had their failings : Mr. Timothy was not ambitious of a fine house, a laced coat, a feather in his cap, a dozen cooks, or a splendid equipage : no, but he was ambitious of being thought a consummate politician, and to that fatal ambition all his virtues fell a sacrifice. He was proof against every thing except his own pride. He had not virtue enough to confess himself in
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an error. He foolishly temporized with his associates, and instead of persuading them into his measures, was inadvertently drawn into theirs ; and (sorry am I to say it, for I have a sincere regard for uncle Timothy's memory) though he was soon convinced of his mistake, though he foresaw, better than any of his enemies, that his measures must in the end prove ruinous to his master John, and though he would now have given his ears that he had stuck to his original plan ; yet he had not resolution enough to confess his mistake, and change his system.

In reading the history of honest John, with which I now and then amuse myself, it appears, whenever he fell out with his neighbour Francis, that there were great debates in the family, whether John should side with any of his other neighbours, and so fight Francis at a distance, or whether he should keep within his own wooden wall, which encompassed his whole estate ? This wooden wall was a very high one, and exceeding strong, for which reason the most sensible part of the family constantly advised the latter ;

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ter ; but, I know not how, John's evil destiny, together with his romantic inclination for assisting the distressed, never failed to lead him out of his element, and he had always reason to repent of it. Now nothing can be more surprising than that John's curiosity should not urge him to try one war with Francis upon the other plan, which has been so often advised, and which, I am persuaded, would effectually answer John's expectations.

F I N I S.